

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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"UNITY."

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NOTES.

A monkey is about to be offered as a witness in an Indian court. He disclosed the burial place of his murdered master, and it is expected that he will identify the murderer. Thus it is. The old ancestral road is still open for travel in both directions—the beast reaches up into man-like excellence, and the man, ever and anon, sinks back into apish ways and beastly instincts.

The Christian Life quotes a Canada paper as saying that the Unitarians at Saratoga, during the National Conference, "so far forgot their denominational prejudices as to indulge in congregational singing." Denominational prejudices against congregational singing is good! From various indications, we fear that this prejudice is not confined to the Unitarian denomination.

An item is securing wide circulation among the religious journals, to the purport that Rev. Brooke Herford has said at a missionary meeting held in Boston, that the best helpers he ever had "were those who came from the orthodox churches and had some Christianity left in them." We still feel a lit-

tle responsibility for Mr. Herford's status, and think he may still need a little of the Western criticism which he used so to enjoy, to keep him straight. We think he ought to have said in that connection, what he used to say so often and so well, in this longitude, viz.: that in leaving orthodoxy one was by no means leaving Christianity behind, but rather coming to it; and, secondly, that some of the most troublesome deniers and perverse unbelievers are those whose religious natures have been shocked, and finally disgusted, with the pretensions and absurdities of an irrational orthodoxy. But we need not say more. We wait until Brother Herford shall be heard from again, when he may balance his statement so as to hit the truth of it.

The Index, always busy "controverting" in some direction or another, is just now protesting against the "Rev." handle to ministers' names. We share, with most of our associates, a disrespect for perfunctory titles, and believe, with the editor of the *Index*, that this title does sometimes encourage perfunctory pretensions and gild perfunctory shams. We are jealous of our plain man-likeness, and resent the insinuations of formal speech, that the preacher is larger than the man. But we do not think that the "Rev." does now stand or ever has stood for any more arbitrary or unworthy pretensions than the parallel titles "Dr., Hon., or Esq.," and we apprehend that a closer examination will reveal the fact that all these titles are perpetuated in accordance with a subtle and far-reaching law of progress. A dead-level uniformity of humanity is not the thing we are growing to. Ranks, titles and professions are to become more and not less significant. The place and function of the minister is to increase and not decrease. We are sure that it becomes us to magnify the calling of the preacher. It may be well to resent the label we do not deserve, but it is better to strive to deserve it by making our ministry indeed a ministration.

The Holmes family seems to be entering upon a new career of usefulness and fame. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., has laid aside his scalpel and withdrawn from the professorship in the Harvard Medical School, and begins in the January *Atlantic* a

series of "After-Breakfast Talks." Just twenty-five years ago he began his "Breakfast-Table Talks" which have made all breakfasts more palatable to thousands ever since. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who in early life was the hero of one of the most intense and interesting papers ever written by his father, entitled "My Hunt after the Captain," has just ascended the Supreme bench of Massachusetts.

Long may the elder remain to

Sing the sweet songs of other days,
Serenely placid, safely true;
And o'er the present's parching ways
His verse distil like evening dew;

and may the young judge ripen into a noble and deathless champion of that liberty which in his youth he defended with his sword and purchased with his blood,—that liberty of which the sire has so nobly sung:

The blades of the heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground.
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea.

Dr. Thomas has been devoting several Sundays to another answer to Col. Ingersoll, and Col. Ingersoll finds it interesting and profitable to answer the "answer." The result is, both gentlemen have secured "full houses," and the audiences, in all cases, have been pleased and amused. The newspapers have had taking material for their Monday issues. There is something attractive in this intellectual and theological sparring, and there is more fire in the touch-and-go oratory that concerns itself with the passing sensations of the hour, than in that which bends itself to the calmer and larger questions of the age, or, still better, the ages. The questions at issue between Dr. Thomas and Col. Ingersoll are grave and dignified questions, and we are glad that both gentlemen are interested in them, but we can only regret that either should stoop to mix with the great thought-problems they affect to handle the spice of personalities. The pettifogger will indulge in ridicule and innuendo, the lawyer may be entitled to use sarcasm and repartee, but let not the dignity of the judge be marred by such tricks as these. Let the ermine of the bench be unsullied. The pulpit, and the platform, when it essays to deal with the perennial forces of religion and morals, ought to be hedged about with a sanctity greater than the court. The comedian has his place, but let him not supplant the preacher and the prophet. We heartily believe in the good done by both these brethren, and we speak of their work in no disrespectful mood, but we

deplore the tendency in either to divert the public mind from the calm discussion of principles to the heated enjoyment of a debating club. The world ought to know what Dr. Thomas and Col. Ingersoll think about God, immortality, the Bible, and the soul and its destiny, but we don't know why it should be bothered with any information as to what these gentlemen think of each other.

The last few years have witnessed most encouraging advance both in Sunday-school worship and in the matter of Sunday-school instruction. The various Sunday-school manuals and lessons that have followed each other in rapid succession from the publication offices of the English Unitarian Sunday-school Society, the Boston Unitarian Sunday-school Society, and the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, have displayed a commendable amount of thought, learning and ethical excellence, so as to scarcely leave any more wants in this direction for a time. But we fear there has been no adequate improvement in the manner of Sunday-school instruction. The text-book, largely banished from the class work of every well regulated day-school, still tyrannizes over the Sunday-school, and stands between the living hearts of teacher and pupil. In the interest of an ideal individuality and graded system, the teacher's meeting, the uniform topic system, and the attendant general lesson, blackboard exercise, and the *esprit du corps* that goes with this combination, are still looked upon with suspicion in most of our Unitarian schools. Instead of one vigorous unit, we have but a collection of units loosely tied together. It is with special satisfaction, then, that we call attention to the proposed plan of co-operative work adopted by the Unitarian Sunday-schools of Chicago, which may be found in the announcement column of this issue. What with the admirable helps of Toy, Hall and Gannett, the brief syllabus in *Little Unity*, intentionally made so brief as to be of any use in the classroom, except to such as have prepared themselves in teacher's meeting or otherwise, we look forward to a more successful work in the Sunday-schools of Chicago than has heretofore been realized. And what is done in Chicago, can be done in all our schools simultaneously, if our Sunday-school workers could only be made to think so. When the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society led the way to a more rational, scholarly and vital series of text-books, it merited the thanks of the Unitarian fellowship. Now, if it will strike for a more vigor-

ous and hearty method, it will do still better. Good Sunday-school *instruction* is valuable, but good Sunday-school *education* is still more excellent.

THE ST. PAUL YEAR-BOOK.

We have been waiting through several issues for a quiet half hour and a small corner of *UNITY*, in which to call the attention of our readers to what might be denominated Mr. Gannett's "Year-Book." The little annual of Unity Church, St. Paul, is a compact pamphlet consisting of twenty-eight pages of matter, printed in fine, but very clear, type, and with admirable typographical taste. No better time could be had than just now, at the beginning of the new year, for it certainly is a model which every minister and parish may well study. The business accuracy and financial clearness with which the manifold activities of this church are carried on rebukes the inattention to these matters which so many ministers are guilty of, and the slack way in which so many church officials attend to church affairs. No less than six financial statements appear in this book, all of which have a balance on the right side, except the building fund, and that keeps the indebtedness scrupulously within the limits determined upon at the outset. But next to the business integrity and financial conciseness displayed, comes the marvellous activity of the parish. This church seems to have laid its hand upon a certain number of men and women in St. Paul and said to them, "Give me your lives," and they responded, "Take us—hands, heart and purse," and the church proceeded to use them, week-day, week-night and Sundays. The church itself is thoroughly organized, with its Trustees, Choir, Ushers, Church Chronicler, and three standing committees. The Sunday-school, in addition to Superintendent, Secretary and Treasurer, Librarian and Organist, has five Sunday-school assistants (we wish Mr. Gannett would, some day, tell just us what these assistants do,) and sixteen teachers, with one hundred and twenty-nine scholars—eighty-nine girls and forty boys. All the teachers, we are sorry to say, are ladies, and this touches what seems to us to be the most defective side of this church activity. There is a preponderance of femininity, which argues either a defect in the masculine side of the congregation, or else in the management. The church of the future must rest solidly on the shoulders of men and women, but until the time comes when we can convert the men to the joys of the higher activities, let us be thankful for the women and use them as the church in St. Paul does.

But to return to the activities. In the Sunday-school we read hints of their "Thanksgiving baskets," "Christmas remembrances to the Orphan Asylum," a little sister Sunday-school way down in the mountains of Georgia, to which they are sending their *Day Springs*, *Little Unities* and "last year's Christmas cards," and raising flowers for the Flower Mission. The children played "Alice in Wonderland" last spring, which netted money enough to paint, paper, black-board and picture the walls of the Orphan Asylum, and to buy new desks and chairs, and put double windows in for winter at the same institution. A tiny summer fair is spoken of as passing its bag of earnings to the "Home for the Friendless."

Next comes the "True Helpers," a temperance organization that last summer kept a "free ice-water barrel" at the church door—extending its "cup of cold water" to every passer-by.

The activities of their "Unity Club" are spoken of from time to time in another department of this paper. We think it ranks next to the M. I. C., of Janesville, in seniority, and is the first of our little circle of clubs to wear the name of "Unity." It has its eight standing committees and ten working sections, three of which are children's branches, viz.: "Q. F. U.," the Agassiz Association, and the "B. O. I." The other sections consist of a study class, a glee club, a Benevolent Society, a Sewing and Cutting School, the "Church Cupboard," the Free Sunday Reading-room, and City Relief Work.

This church is also an example to all our western churches in the frank, confident and bold way in which it brings the missionary duties of the society to the front. Instead of dreading, postponing and apologizing for these outside claims, as ministers are so sorely tempted to do, these claims are promptly taken into the pulpit, courageously urged and generously sustained. This society is always among the first to send in its contribution to the Western Unitarian Conference, which exceeds and sometimes doubles its apportionment. Last year it contributed \$77.37 to the W. U. S. S. Society, and *UNITY* has in this parish found a large number of friends who have believed in it and supported it for what it ought to be and *tries* to be, even though what it *is* be a little disappointing.

We wish we had time to speak more at length of the thought and interest given to church fellowship, toward intensifying the bond of membership, and the deepening of church worship, but we can only beg of our readers to send twenty-five cents to W. C.

Gannett, St. Paul, and ask for his "Year-Book," in return. We do not commend all these methods to other churches; indeed, we question whether the church should make such large inroads into the lives and homes of its members, even for love's sake, as to become so burdensome and absorbing as to endanger a reaction either in the individual or the child. We question also whether it is right for the minister to so harness himself with the cords of organization and the small details of parish life as to have no small margin of joyous time and strength, for duties and privileges that are non-professional and un-parochial. With all his radicalism and repugnance to ecclesiasticism, our dear brother, "W. C. G." is a born abbot, and we would not be surprised to find his favored parishioners learning to address him as "Father Gannett," a title he deserves and would wear with grace. What a cardinal has been spoiled in him by the rationalism of the nineteenth century! But let not this qualification detract from our earnest commendation of the system, the organization, the hard work deliberately planned and methodically executed that is aimed at by this church. They are necessary to any large success, and even the St. Paul society is but an imperfect and unsatisfactory exemplification of what might and we believe will yet be realized by the earnest and wise liberal church.

THE YEAR.

A column is requested for the New Year's number. Why not write about the year itself? Exactly three centuries have now passed since the Gregorian calendar was adopted, and a tri-centennial word is proper. It was in 1582 that Gregory Thirteenth proclaimed the reformed system, and called it a proof of God's illimitable grace to his church. But this pope's standard of divine grace was not very high; and he also thought that St. Bartholomew massacre which stained the first year of his pontificate with the blood of 50,000 Protestants, another mark of God's favor; celebrated it by a solemn procession at Rome, and commemorated it by a fresco in the Vatican. It is well to review the subject briefly.

The ancient Roman year began with March and had ten months,—the last six being named by number,—Quintilis, Sextilis, September, October, November, and December. January and February were afterward prefixed, making twelve months, but leaving the numerical names wrong as in our calendar. These twelve months or moonths were still dated by the changes of the moon, having $29\frac{1}{2}$ days

each and making a year of 354 days. Hence, to keep the year right an extra month had to be added from time to time. This business was in charge of the pontiffs, who could thus lengthen or shorten the year to suit their favorites in office. In consequence the year became so deranged that in Julius Cæsar's time December fell in early autumn and April in mid-winter. Cæsar therefore corrected the calendar, restoring the months to their places, and making the twelve include 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days, regardless of the moon. The odd months were to have 31 days, the even 30, except February, which three years out of every four was to have but 29, thus taking care of the fractional day. This Julian calendar was adopted 46 B. C., and in honor of its imperial founder the name of the first numbered month was changed from Quintilis to July. But the next Cæsar, Augustus, did not like to be less honored than Julius, and so had the name of the next month changed from Sextilis to August. Worse yet, he did not wish to have Julius' month longer than his, and so lengthened August to 31 days, shortening February for the purpose, and throwing the previous simple order into confusion. So has the vanity of one man brought vexation to the world ever since.

But the Julian year of 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days was still too long by more than eleven minutes, and hence could not go on forever. As early as the 8th century of our era, the venerable Bede noticed that the year was a few days out of joint; and in the 13th century the discrepancy had become so great that Roger Bacon urged the reform of the calendar. In the 15th century Regiomontanus, the best astronomer of his day, one of the early printers, and the author of the first European Almanac (which, by the way, was such a variety that instead of being given away by druggists the edition was all sold at twelve golden crowns a copy), was invited by the pope to the work, but died before he had hardly begun. In the next century many mathematicians worked at the problem, among them Luigi Lilio, who proposed our present system. The new Encyclopedia Britannica wrongly confounds him with Lilio Ghivaldi, a scholar of that day. The latter Lilio shall have a sentence from us; for by his brave fight with "fortune, nature and the injustice of men," as he says, and by his busy writing for years while confined to his bed, he showed as fine a spectacle as popes or solar systems, and one that Montaigne took pains to honor. But it was to the other Lilio that we owe the calendar. He calculated more accurately the

length of the year, and devised the present system of omitting the leap year three times in four centuries. His plan was preferred above others by Pope Gregory's commission, and proclaimed, as we said just three centuries ago. But even then the new system had been defended; and Christopher Clavius soon after printed 800 folio pages in its verification and explanation, and did most of all to give our calendar its present form. In illustration of the manners of that century we may note how even the scholarly Scaliger calls this Clavius "a beast, a great german belly, an ass who knows nothing but Euclid, a patient and stupid spirit as all mathematicians must be." But Clavius' work lasted better than Scaliger's and is to a certain extent repeated in every almanac to-day.

From these men rather than from Gregory should our calendar be named. Nor was the pope's boast that it proved the grace of God for his church quite proper. Even under the Mohammedan religion, that most heathen poet, Omar Khayyam, almost five centuries before Gregory, proposed a more accurate system. For after all these reforms, our Gregorian year is still 16 seconds too long, and in 3000 years will be nearly a day out of place.

Perhaps, however, this very accuracy of the solar system which has so mocked Cæsars and popes, is the best "proof of the grace of God." The God of the calendar is infinitely better than the God of the catechism. Seeing the other morning how Venus came from her long wanderings and crossed the sun precisely as predicted two centuries before, who could but think how much more divinely the world is governed than in the biblical story of the sun stopped one day to lengthen human butchery, or in the old theology which taught a partial God who brought bitterness and massacre. And it is partly the knowledge of this infinite order embracing all nations and worlds as one, that stops butcheries and cures hatred and cools passions. Had Gregory seen the full meaning of the calendar, he would hardly have applauded the massacre. Alfred de Musset once won much praise by comparing the moon over a church spire to the dot over an *i*. Not indeed until we dot our steeples with the stars, and crown our earthly egoism with loftier thoughts of the serene order of the heavens, do we reach the true religious scripture.

H. M. S.

"There is a thirst for something better. This is the first step. The next is far harder—I mean the resolution to make the sacrifices which progress demands. There is an immense space between desire and self-denial."—*Channing.*

Contributed Articles.

THE NEW YEAR.

F. L. HOSMER.

"Behold!" in vision said
The Voice to John on Patmos,
"I make all things new!"
Vanish before his view
The earth and heavens old;
In splendor manifold
New heavens and earth appear
To the enraptured seer:
And lo! descending from the skies,
More fair than storied paradise,
He saw the New Jerusalem
Apparelled as a bride
With gold and precious gem,
And heard a Voice that cried:
"God's dwelling is with men,
And He shall wipe away all tears,
And death shall be no more, nor pain;
Passed are the things of former years:
Behold, I make all things new!
Write: Faithful are these words and true."
So speaks to thee, O heart,
As the swift years depart
The re-creating Voice.
Turn not in vain regret
To thy fond yesterdays.
But rather forward set
Thy face toward the untrodden ways.
Open thine eyes to see
More good in store for thee,—
New love, new thought, new service, too.
For Him who daily maketh thy life new.
Nor think thou aught is lost
Or left behind upon the silent coast
Of thy spent years;
Give o'er thy faithless fears.
Whate'er of real good—
Of thought, or deed, or holier mood—
Thy life hath known.
Abideth still thine own.
And hath within significance
Of more than Time's inheritance.
Thy good is prophecy
Of better evermore to be,
In the sequel thou shalt find
How far the fact hath left behind
Thy fondest dreams; how deeper than all sense
Or thought of thine, thy life's sure Providence!

DAVID NEWTON UTTER.

J. LL. JONES.

On the 16th ult., the Church of the Messiah, of this city, held a meeting to hear the report of the committee appointed last June to nominate a successor to Rev. Brooke Hereford. This committee

after carefully examining the whole field and listening to several eligible ministers, reported in favor of Rev. David N. Utter, of Kansas City, and the church, with entire unanimity and cordiality, approved of the judgment of the committee, and extended the call accordingly. Mr. Utter has accepted, and will enter upon his new charge as early as practicable.

It gives us great pleasure, on behalf of the many readers who know him, to bid him welcome to this field, than which we know of no more important one within the limits of the Western Unitarian Conference. To those who do not already know him, we take pleasure in introducing him as one who thus far has proven equal to all the responsibilities entrusted to him, and we doubt not is equal to this larger trust into which he enters.

In coming to the Church of the Messiah, he comes not only into the activities of a large and influential parish, but he comes also into the focal activities and responsibilities of the Western Unitarian Conference. This will bring him into most intimate relations with all that work that looks toward the establishment of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion throughout the West. We welcome him, not only to a vacant pulpit, but also to that vacant place in the yoke that rests upon the shoulders of the *Unity team*, and doubt not that in due time the heartiness of this welcome will be proven by the weight of the burden we will help make him feel, and which he will cheerfully help us to carry.

Mr. Utter is emphatically a Western man, in the best sense of the word—Western born, Western disciplined and Eastern polished. Western stuff lit up with Eastern culture. He was born on the 21st of March, 1844, at North Vernon, Indiana, in a log cabin hastily constructed under religious excitement. The echoes of Fourierism and the Brook Farm movement, heard in the preaching of Alexander Campbell and his followers, awakened in that part of Indiana a desire on the part of some of the pioneers to form a pure Christian community, where all would live together, as the first disciples of Christ did, "having all things in common."

Mr. Utter's parents, young and zealous, put their all into this venture, and as each family had to build its own house, this cabin was the result of their first work. Of course the community failed within a year, and the birth-place was left before the babe was three years old. The father was not only a farmer, but also a civil engineer, and helped to build the first railroad in the West, that running from Madison to Indianapolis. He afterward settled in Morgan county, not far from the Indiana metropolis, from where they afterward removed to Ohio in 1853. David was now nearly ten years of age, and the next ten years of his life were spent at common farm labor, except the three or four mid-winter months, when he could go to school "after the cattle were foddered." He had a long mile to go, but he was not the kind of boy that was ever late. Mr. Utter thinks he is a "full hand" even now at all kinds of farm work, and claims that he proved it last summer. He now has

no faith in theological fences, but he rivals Abe Lincoln as a rail-splitter, and doubtless could fence in his new parish with rails of his own splitting. One summer while the horses were nooning he mastered "vulgar fractions and decimals." The book used to go with him into the field, but he seems to be more proud of the fact that he never was called lazy or a shirk. At eighteen he was a schoolmaster and a debater in the country lyceums that gathered in the country school-houses round about, an experience so common to Western boys. At twenty-one he was a preacher for the Disciples. He left the farm and preached his way through the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis, graduating in 1867. He was then sent by a home missionary society to preach in the vicinity of Troy, N. Y., and was successful in adding to the little church "such as should be saved." But the growing mind overleaped the theological fences, and, yielding to skeptical tendencies, he threw up his position and connected himself with Hiram College (now made famous by the name of Garfield) as its financial agent; but still the burden of preaching followed him, and people would not give unless he preached; and so this position was resigned, and he returned to teaching, finding, we suppose, a solidity in the multiplication table that he could not find in the "scheme" of salvation. While at Hiram he found among some waste papers a Unitarian Year-Book, and gained from it his first knowledge of the denomination, and soon after interviewing the Christian Register and A. U. A. tracts, he discovered he was a Unitarian. So, in 1869, he went to Boston, tarried a little while at the Hepworth School, and then entered the Cambridge Divinity School, graduating in 1871. The same year he was ordained as successor to Dr. Cazneau Palfrey, in Belfast, Maine. Here he did the eminently proper thing of marrying the old pastor's daughter. In 1875 he was sent by the A. U. A. to Olympia, Washington Territory, to take charge of a little church there and to do missionary work in the towns upon Puget Sound. Here he soon organized a circuit of two hundred miles in length, with six or seven preaching places. To lengthen his arm and to extend his voice, he started the publication of the *Unitarian Advocate*, an eight-paged quarto-monthly, that lived from January, 1877, to March, 1880—an expensive luxury, indeed, but one that found its way into orthodox and heterodox homes, carrying the liberal word into cabin home and logging camp. At Olympia he built a neat little church, helped shape the educational work of the town, did institute work with the teachers, lobbied a school law through the legislature, and helped keep the Portland church going while Thomas Eliot, the overworked pastor, sought rest in Europe. It is probably safe to say, also, that here he took his best lesson in preaching. Those loggers were as candid as children, and would not listen to what did not interest them; so he had to learn to put a point to every sentence. Olympia was a decreasing town, and finding that there was no growth there, in the spring of 1880 he gravitated eastward, and put himself at the head of a forlorn hope at

Kansas City—a little band dismayed by many failures.

The result has been slow, steady, confident growth. He will leave a self-reliant parish, and a congregation that is probably larger than that which awaits him in Chicago.

We have told this much of his story, not because we think there is anything remarkable or exceptional in it, but simply to show that it is such a solid, honest foundation as will warrant the expectation of a superstructure solid and serviceable reared in this city, that rests upon the shoulders of men with just such antecedents as Mr. Utter's. Brother Utter is no genius. He lays no claim to exceptional talent, and what is better, the Church of the Messiah has not called him with any such estimate. They do not expect to "star it." But Mr. Utter has a clear head and a strong body. He knows what hard work is, and is not afraid of it. This justifies our expectation of a useful career. We congratulate him that it is his privilege to enter upon a hard field, where hard work alone will win. We congratulate the society upon the courage and good sense they have shown in thus selecting a David who has confidence in himself and the courage of his sling-shot and pebbles, rather than to look for some stately Saul encumbered with traditional armor and clumsy shields. Last, but not least, we enter into the tearful pride of the honest but no longer poor parents, who still live on the Ohio farm. We congratulate them that they have been allowed to give to this turbulent and anxious age so efficient a worker.

THE UNENDING GENESIS.

MRS. L. F. FURNESS.

The above is the title of a book worthy of attention which has just been published by the Colegrove Book Company. The author is Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis. To us, in this part of the country, his name would be a sufficient guarantee of the worth of the book, but being still among the younger Unitarian ministers, he may not be so well known in all corners to which Unity penetrates; and further East, in the very hot-bed of Unitarianism, the need of spreading such books may not be so strongly felt as it is here. But that there is such need, we have proofs every day, from those farther West begging for literature of this very kind. Perhaps we feel it just now with peculiar force, from having come across, only a few days before the publication of this little volume, a much larger one, entitled "Fundamental Questions."

The author impresses his own truth and force upon his readers throughout this melancholy attempt to reconcile the literal truth of the story of the creation as told in the Old Testament, with the relations science gives us to-day. Since there are good men who are still struggling in such darkness and conscientiously striving to blind others, this

"Unending Genesis" should be scattered broadcast and help to dispel this blindness. Here the story of the creation is told in a reverential, loving spirit, showing so clearly how evolution has been going on for hundreds of centuries, and must still go on, and proving also how one over-ruling power works through all, with a perfect and beautiful mathematical precision. Far from decreasing our reverence for truth and beauty, it only increases ten-fold our love for it. The story is told so simply and plainly that any mother could use it and make it intelligible to little children. Poor little innocents! how their brains must reel over the effort to take in literally the old Bible story, and there are Liberals who object to teaching it to them as fairy lore. To such, this book will prove a blessing, and besides teaching how this creation is unending, it will be likely to awaken in a child's mind a desire for further knowledge of the natural sciences—a taste most desirable to cultivate.

The book is divided into twelve chapters, and in the first, the author states his aim is to show how much more marvellous are the real facts than the writer's fancies * * * and how the new story, even better than the old one, begins a Bible and furnishes a foundation for reverence and religion, and his hope expressed in his preface that the book may have even a religious value, can but be fulfilled. It must meet with the success it deserves if it only be read in the spirit in which it was written.

THE FRUIT OF OUR PREACHING.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

It was in the parlor of Congress Hall, Saratoga, and in conversation that an aged Unitarian minister spoke to me of one of our younger ministers as an "excellent lubricator; and you know how necessary lubricators are."

"True;" was my reply, "we need lubricators, but, to my mind, we are now more in need of steam engines almost ready to burst."

This set my thinking apparatus in motion, and up came the question: Why do we preach? The old answer is not the worst one given: "To save souls." There is no need of smiling in self-sufficient contempt at the word "save," for there is such a thing as being lost. Lost and saved are wholesome words; they belong not to the surface, but to the depths of religious thought; they are not the words of any one age or people, but of the ages and the peoples. Men are lost—lost to the full possession of the idea of God; for how many of them have for themselves made the thought of God a possession of their own? How many men are practical Atheists? Lost again are some to high moral ideals. It is easy enough to talk of Jesus as an example, and yet be Christless. Paul was not wrong when he spoke of "Christ in you the hope of glory." To speak of this Atheism and Christlessness as imperfection seems tame. It may be "foolishness to the

Greeks," but "imperfection" appears a dwarf when it comes alongside Atheism, Christlessness: only "lost" reaches their giant height. If this be true, and we believe it is, then are we to come to men with sermons, not essays. We have no hard words for essays. But they are like essayists "good lubricators," whereas sermons are like preachers, they "are engines almost ready to burst." The essay is *thoughtful*, the sermon *passionate*. It has no time for argument; it speaks from out the overflowing heart, not so much from the well-stored brain. How easily a logician could annihilate the Sermon on the Mount, and yet how it has fed and will feed the heart. What a poor piece of logic is "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God": but what saving power there is in it!

Our best thoughts are to become, if I may be allowed the term, passions, and as such to be given in our sermons. In our sermon we have no time to argue about God; since for the sermon God is. It has laid hold on the idea; its life is the God idea in it; it proves His being by manifesting Him. Nor is the sermon a dissertation about the nature of Jesus; for it, it is a thing indifferent whether he is God or man or God and man. It breathes out the Christ Spirit, it is *Christful*. We may write about our doubts or our ideas about God, but in doing so we approach the essay—a very needful thing if we wish to instruct people. But our sermons are the utterances of the ideas and beliefs which for us have become passions. Our sermons are the throwing open of the temple doors of our hearts that men may behold on our altars the bright flames of love for and trust in God, and a passion for the Christ-idea burning there, and that from these altars they may carry away fire to kindle the same flames in themselves. These are real sermons, whatever else we may call a good deal of our preaching. They save men by helping them to put themselves in possession for themselves of belief in God, and of a longing to be filled with the Christ spirit. They save men from being Atheists and Christless, and make of them Theists and Christians who manifest God in a Christ-like life. This is, or ought to be, the fruit of our preaching.

Chicago Pulpit.

"THE RELATION OF EACH TO ALL."

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. JOHN R. EFFINGER IN THE "CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH," DEC. 17. 1882.

"For we are members one of another."—Eph. iv: 25.

I ask your attention this morning to "The Relation of Each to All."

I shall speak of the wonderful tie that binds us to each other, of the happiness, the power, the wisdom, that come to us through this union, and of the obligation it imposes upon every individual member of society.

As civilization advances and individuality becomes more pronounced we are prone to forget our dependence upon each other as human beings. We become more and more isolated from each other, less sympathetic, more independent and self-centered; and this is not wholly an evil. A man must sometimes sit apart and think of himself as a unit, with needs, responsibilities and capacities peculiar to himself, with a character to unfold which must bear the complexion of his own individuality. That sort of gregariousness which craves the stir and excitement of the crowd, and can do nothing without the favor and co-operation of others, is not conducive to a very high order of character. While this is true, we are still "members one of another" in a very real sense; and this fact cannot be disregarded without infinite pain and loss to the individual.

It has been demonstrated that a child reared in utter solitude will grow up with the mind an entire blank, without language, without thought, without hope or purpose. It will be but the fragment of a human being. The wolf-reared children discovered in the province of Oude in India, children stolen in their infancy by wolves and reared by them in their dens, have been found to have the characteristics of wolves rather than of human beings. They have no language but a whine. They creep on their hands and feet, and have a constant desire to get back to the jungles and creep into holes. With all the original capacities of ordinary children, they are yet wild beasts. They learn little and die early.

Under the French penal system, it is found that men condemned to solitary confinement are liable to lose their faculties in a few years. Five years of solitude will impair the faculties for life. Eight or ten years will produce imbecility and death. Men of exceptional strength might hold out much longer, but these facts show what would at last overtake all, deprived of human companionship. Humanity is an organic whole through which flows forever one life-blood, one fine electric current, which thrills through every limb and fibre of the body. The thought which is uttered in America is re-echoed on the other side of the world. The sense of wrong, the love of justice and right, which stirs one heart or a few hearts in one spot, is presently struggling for utterance across the seas.

The divine fire of love and aspiration which glows in some consecrated soul in one land, is answered by the unselfish devotion and the holy purpose of some other soul under alien skies and speaking an alien tongue.

However we may quarrel with humanity at large, we are still necessary to each other.

First. To each other's happiness. Our happiness is inseparable from human association. We may feel the charm of nature, and yet how necessary is sympathy to us even there! We need to see the delight in outward beauty and sublimity reflected from other faces, to hear its praise from other lips, before we can feel the fullest joy in it. To be alone

in Paradise would be wretchedness. We may feel the exhilaration of purely intellectual pursuits, but our thought is not half our own until it has been confirmed by another's recognition and assent. Our happiness in it depends on ears to hear and minds and hearts to respond. There is something affecting in the dependence of men of purely intellectual tastes and pursuits on human companionship. Henry Thomas Buckle, who placed so high an estimate upon the power and sufficiency of the intellect, was during his whole life held in the closest bonds of friendship and sympathy, and felt the need of making his intellectual gains subserve the happiness and the welfare of others. Just so soon as a man begins to withdraw himself from hearty, cheerful fellowship with his kind, his life begins to dry up and wither away, and "the winter of his discontent" sets in.

Secondly. Our power of accomplishment is dependent in a large measure upon association with our fellows. If one gets in a misanthropic or independent mood and proposes to rid himself of all the bother and vexation of social life, under the impression that he is sufficient to himself, he is certain to find out very soon how feeble and helpless a creature he is, when standing alone. Many of you know the story of Thoreau, who in his absorption in the study of nature, desiring to shake off the burdens of civilization, to owe nothing to society and ask nothing of it, and, as he said, "face the essential facts of life," determined to go to the woods and live alone; so he went out to the borders of Walden Pond, built himself a cabin and dug up a rod or two of ground to plant in potatoes. But as one has remarked in speaking of this phase of Thoreau's life—"To build his cabin, he must borrow a saw and hammer and nails, each the work of human brain and hand. For the spade with which he dug his potatoes—nay, even for the potatoes themselves, for the simplest appurtenances of this primitive abode, he was indebted to the co-operative labor of human brains and hands." "The essential facts" of one sort of life are very different from the essential facts of another sort of life. If a man is content to be the slave of physical necessities he may require but little help to live; but if he would live the life of the intellect and the affections, he must avail himself of the countless resources which are laid at his feet by the labor of others. If a man insists upon performing his own locomotion, he may in a year's time walk all the way from New York to San Francisco; but if he would save his time and strength for higher purposes, he will seat himself in a railroad car and go easily and comfortably in a week. But the power to do this does not come by magic. It takes the consenting daily toil of forty thousand men! Forty thousand minds and pairs of hands.

When the rocks of "Hell Gate" were to be removed out of the path of commerce in East river, after the preparations had been made, the explosive materials deposited and the electric wires laid, it was the hand of a little child which by simply

touching a little key sent the fiery fluid to the bottom of the deep, and soon the awful roar and the sudden shaking of the earth told that the mighty work was accomplished. It seemed like a stupendous Arabian Night's tale. But it was through the thought and toil of generations that such mighty power could thus wait on the touch of baby fingers. It may be *through* the faith of one, but it must be by the consent and co-operation of the many, that the mountain is removed and cast into the sea.

Thirdly. Not only are happiness and power the bequest of society to the individual: wisdom too comes from all to each—that life-wisdom which is of such supreme worth. There is no man so truly wise as he who has been able to garner the ripe fruit of living in contact with others. To know how other men have lived, what they have thought, felt, suffered, how they have loved and aspired, what temptations have overwhelmed them, what self-sacrifice and self-consecration they have been capable of, is something which no one can miss out of his life without consigning himself to leanness and barrenness of soul. It is the weakness of specialists that while they know much of science they know little of men. It is only when the scientist perceives the bearing of his specialty on universal life, that we feel that he connects himself with the sources of noblest wisdom and intellectual power.

It is in society and by the help of our fellows, then, that we obtain happiness, power, wisdom, that our life gets fullness and strength and that upward trend which sends us along an ever-widening path of progress. We owe so much to our kind, that our debt is immeasurable, and our duty is clearly to give back something of help and strength and blessing to that current of life on which we are borne. The influence of individual life and character are recognized forces in every community. All within your circle of influence are made braver by your courage, nobler by your honesty and faithfulness, more intelligent and earnest by your intellectual and moral vigor. But if you are striving to get some private advantage by doing what is a wrong and a hurt to others, then you are an enemy and a plunderer of society. You are forfeiting your claim to the large benefits which every day brings you from the common life of the world.

This common life is made up of just what we bring to it as individuals. In proportion as we bring purity, earnestness, public spirit, the standard of life is elevated. In proportion as we bring meanness and dishonesty and selfishness it is lowered. I am persuaded that the reason why the lowest classes of men are so low is that the highest are no higher. When the best are able to bring a larger contribution of earnestness and moral power to the common life, then the whole mass will be raised to a higher plane of living.

No matter how sound our theology, unless we have within us the feeling of brotherhood, a sense of kinship with humanity, a disposition to bear our

share of the burdens of society, we are not Christ-like, we are not true children of our Heavenly Father. To be a genuine disciple of Christ, a loyal citizen of the kingdom of Heaven, we must "lend a hand," a helping hand, a hand of cheer and inspiration in all the toil and care and suffering of life.

We read in mediæval story how sometimes Christ appeared in wondrous beauty to some patient, loving man or woman at the post of duty; how a heavy and gigantic form, borne for charity's sake across an angry river, on the other side turns suddenly into the blessed Christ, of surpassing loveliness; how a little scarred waif of humanity, taken up from the wayside and tenderly nursed in loving arms, changes all in a moment into the image of the lovely Christ-child. These fables of the devout imagination hint to us how the service of humanity is the service of God! They hint to us the divine possibilities which are planted in human nature, often in the meanest and poorest of our kind; how a deed of love and mercy may work a miracle of beauty; how a burden lifted for another may bring light and gladness out of darkness and sorrow—even to ourselves; how it may let us into the deep places of experience and open the fountains of life for each who is faithful to the interests of all.

Notes from the Field.

SCOTLAND.—*The Disciple* tells us that Robertson Smith's Bible class has recently overflowed the vestry, and crowds the audience-room of the church. This is hopeful for everything except for the long-famed Calvinism of Scotland.

ENTERPRISING BENEVOLENCE.—This is the way the *Christian Life* (London) puts it:

This is an inventive age in the line of benevolent enterprises as well as other things. We have Flower Missions, Sea-shell Missions, etc. The New York *Tribune* this year started a "Fresh Air Fund," by means of which 5999 poor persons were during the summer sent into the country and kept there two weeks.

SOUTH BOSTON.—Rev. E. F. Hayward, of Fall River, the author of that very creditable book—*Ecce Spiritus*, has been called to the pulpit vacated by Mr. Thayer, the present efficient laborer in Cincinnati. They seem to know how to train a minister at the Second Hawes Church for Western work. We shall be sending down after Mr. Haywood before a great while.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Unitarian Society, over which Rev. E. H. Hall presided so well and so long, is waiting for the response of Rev. James De Normandy, of Portsmouth, N. H., who has been called to their pulpit. **LATER.**—We hear that he has also been called to the pulpit at Roxbury, Mass., so long held by Dr. Putnam.

BERLIN.—A progressive society known as the "Church of the People" is organized here, for the purpose of ameliorating the creeds and reforming the customs of the existing church. It seeks to make even the Apostles' Creed optional instead of obligatory; to free the national schools from denominational control; to abolish religious oaths in the civil service, and to bring religion generally upon the line of the best thought in Germany—which probably means the best thought of the world.

ROME.—A tablet has recently been placed over the walls of a house on one of the streets of this city to commemorate the fact that Walter Scott once tarried within its walls. When the ardent and explosive Italian testifies to his admiration of the cool, self-contained Scotchman, in this wise, it is another cheering hint that North and South, East and West are beginning to bend the knee before that shrine of humanity over which is inscribed that word, which more than any other one word of the language is to interpret the past and shape the future—"Unity."

CHICAGO.—The most hopeful activities at head quarters of late have been those of the W. U. S. S. Society. As a result of several meetings of the directors, in the last two of which a goodly number of the Sunday-school workers in the Unitarian Churches of the city joined, we have the "Unending Genesis" of Mr. Simmons, that first appeared in the "Eleventh Series of Unity Sunday-school Lessons" rewritten and issued in worthy type and dress by the Colegrove Book Company. Also the proposed series of "Union Teachers' Meetings" to be held at the central office on successive Monday noons. This is an attempt at genuine co-operation. Let each bring his "Grains of gold after the washing" and the result must be better Sunday-schools and happier Sunday-school workers than have ever been yet realized in Chicago.

IRELAND.—*The Disciple*, the organ of Irish Unitarianism, publishes in its December number large extracts from brother Douthit's tract on "What Unitarians do and do not Believe." The antithetical arrangement of this tract makes it a forceful, and, in very many cases, a useful tool. It is so good that we wish it was better, giving more of the Unitarian spirit and method, and less of the Unitarian *doctrine* that is represented by dogmatism. The Unitarian dogma is much more to our liking than the Trinitarian dogma, but still it is a dogma, and makes easily for dogmatism. The time has gone by when men will suspend their judgment, concerning religious questions, until they have looked up a long list of Bible proof-texts. Science, common sense, and human experience are taking the place of chapter and verse, in theology, as well as in religion.—An Irish Bishop from the counties of Down and Connor recently carried £736 from his diocese, in the shape of Peter's Pence to the Holy Father at Rome, and still reports of hunger and starvation come to us from this ever-miserable and ever-charming Ireland.

CHICAGO.—There was some interesting theological navigation done at the recent installation of Rev. H. M. Scudder, D.D., as pastor of the Congregational Plymouth Church of this city. Dr. Scudder comes from Brooklyn with a fair fame, won by hard work in that city. The theological examination was conducted by Rev. Dr. Goodwin, moderator of the Council. The candidate believed that the authors of the Bible were inspired but rejected verbal inspiration. The writers agreed in substance, but not in language. He believed in the atonement but did not understand the theories. The sacrifice satisfied, but he could not tell how. As to predestination, he was Arminian, not Calvinistic. Infants and idiots did not need probation, he thought, because they were saved without it. (Is not this putting a premium on stupidity?) He thought there is scriptural evidence that Jesus once went to hell and preached deliverance to the "spirits in prison," and thought such a thing might happen again,

but he was'nt sure; and to soothe the anxieties of the council, he confessed that he did not know, and never preached on the subject. Thus the Scylla and Charybdis were safely passed, and the theological craft brought safely in. Dr. Scudder's own son, Rev. J. L. Scudder, of Minneapolis, preached the installation sermon. Dr. Scudder takes possession of one of the largest pulpits in the city, and we doubt not will fill it most worthily. A Chicago congregation is not likely to be nearly as anxious to have the gates of glory closed against every belated and wandering sinner, at death, as the installation council seemed to be.

OAKLAND, CAL.—On the 9th of April last, Rev. Laurentine Hamilton, pastor of an independent church, fell dead, in the midst of the delivery of his sermon. On the 2nd of June, his friends organized themselves into a Memorial Church, under the name of "Hamilton Church." On the 5th of June they called to its pastorate Rev. Clarence Fowler, from Unity Church, San Jose, and in a recent number of the *Argonaut*, published in San Francisco, he answers the question what the Hamilton Church stood for, in this wise:

In the Unitarian denomination there are three hundred and fifty societies of like faith with Hamilton Church, whose position I hope to make "so plain that the way-fairing man, though he be scientific, may not err therein." Doctor Dollinger and his fellow-reformers of the mother church called the Catholicism for which they stood "Old Catholicism"—i.e., Catholicism as it was previous to what they judged to be its corruptions. So the Unitarians stand for Old Christianity, or for Christianity as it was prior to Trinitarianism, not one of whose doctrines was formulated before A. D. 325. The Jews were sternly Unitarians as to the nature of God. The Old Testament—their scriptures—knows nothing of the compounded personality of God. Jesus and Paul fulfilled the Law and the Prophets by love to God and, love to man. Thus does Hamilton Church belong to the root, Judaism; to the trunk, Christ; and to the branches, the Apostles. It is of Unitarianism in distinction from Trinitarianism, whose doctrines are the tri-personality of God, the deity of Jesus, salvation through the merits of Christ, Adam's fall, and eternal punishment. Hamilton Church holds the simple personality of God, that Jesus was a man, that men are saved through their own merits, that Adam rose, and that his descendants shall continue to rise till wrongdoing and punishment shall cease. Sharply opposed as these two sets of ideas are, yet let their holders be brothers in the synthesis of the spirit. There are divisions of doctrines, but Christ is not divided. Hamilton Church will have no quarrel. Let each church hold its own ideas. The spirit of Truth will settle doctrinal questions. Emphasizing love to Christ, Hamilton Church advocates union of Protestants. There are but two parties—Romanists, or the only orthodox, and Protestants who are the free-choosers. Let all Protestants be one. Hamilton Church calls the churches to rivalry of love and service of man.

MISSIONARY WORK IN NEBRASKA.—The missionary work carried on in Nebraska by Rev. Enoch Powell is of the most promising character. He has taken up his work in the only spirit that will succeed, viz.: that of patient persistence. He proposes to work on long lines, and gradually acquire that acquaintance with the field and that confidence of the Liberal religious element of the State that will enable him to exercise the functions of a Bishop, minus the ecclesiastical pretension and dogmatic assumptions of the same. We give below some notes taken from his report, recently read before the Nebraska conference.

Omaha.—"Brother Copeland came into possession of the only fairly organized Unitarian Church in the State. He found it with that most perplexing of encumbrances—a mortgage, and in the face of very many difficulties has succeeded, by a large amount of self-sacrificing labor, in increasing the congregation and in building a parsonage."

North Platte.—"I have given seven Sundays to North

Platte, where they have a substantial building, and a brave missionary woman, Mrs. Cogswell. All the energies of the little society are at present centered upon the extinguishment of the \$1800 debt that depresses them, Mr. Jones, the secretary of the Western Conference, having undertaken to secure for them the last half of the amount."

Lincoln.—"I have spent fourteen Sundays here, and have studied the problem with alternating hopes and discouragement, the congregation ranging from six to one hundred. Just at the time when our prospects seemed most promising, organized ecclesiasticism perpetrated an outrage which should have fused the diverse elements in the liberal ranks into one enthusiastic band. The three liberal professors in the State University were summarily dismissed, on account of their heresy, which, of course, weakened our strength and frightened away the lovers of popularity. Soon after the doors of the Universalist Church were closed against the movement, since which time our meetings have been held first in one hall and then in another. Still we are hopeful and confident of success, and with the timely encouragement of the A. U. A., the right man can be supported when he is found."

Beatrice.—"This was supposed to be the centre of illiberality, but I found hearty welcome. A local committee has been organized, hall hired, music provided and a substantial, if not large, congregation has gathered for nine Sundays."

Fairbury.—"I have a committee here also. Have preached twice to a large and attentive audience. Lay services have been tried, but not with very satisfactory results."

Hymore.—"This new town of marvelous growth has furnished me with overflowing audiences. Opposition and detraction do not seem to diminish the crowd that gathers in uncomfortable quarters."

Fremont.—"I have visited and preached in this place with no very encouraging results."

Grand Island.—"We have a committee here. I have preached, from time to time, without much apparent success."

Hastings.—"Have devoted considerable time to this point, where there is a Free Religious Society, with the emphasis on the *free*. These Greeks are always ready to hear some new thing, and have furnished appreciative audiences, and represent a high type of that class of liberalists in this State who allure the Unitarian organizer by their hospitality, geniality and culture, but drive him to the verge of despair when he undertakes to unite them in a common worship, or a common service."

Correspondence.

EDITOR UNITY:—A friend writes me—"Here is a tempest in a teapot over a little saying of Dr. George Ellis that the Bible is an orthodox book," and all apparently because some of the orthodox papers are making a handle of it. Great Heavens! If we have anything to say to the world a little thing like that is'nt going to hurt us. We are so fearful that some one shall put a bushel over our light. To my thinking we would do better to attend to our light, and let other people and their bushel look out for themselves.

We ought to have flame enough to set fire to every extinguisher that men try to put upon us.

Is it not our infirmity of faith that makes us thus fearful, like Emerson's friend who dared not look upon his razor when suicides abounded? Emerson rather than Theodore Parker is the true type of the evolved Unitarian. We ought to get over the notion that some kind of *doctrinal* difference separates us from the orthodox world. We need Christianizing that we may spiritualize the world, not by setting up new doctrines, but by delving below the old *theologies* and helping along the evolution of the essential truths at the heart of the old *religious* life. We ought to do for our age and people what Jesus did for his—"Break the vase in which the treasure of the chosen people is stored—and send it out into the world on a missionary career." We ought not to be fettered by the wicked tradition that Unitarianism is a new set of doctrines specially adapted to a cultivated few. We are not ecclesiastical historians seeking for the golden key to a historic situation, but the prophets of a living *faith* and a working *hope*, and have no more right to expect that we shall be understood by a fossilized priesthood than Jesus had.

E. P.

Unity Club.

On the evening of the 21st ult. the Channing Club held its December meeting at the Union League Club rooms. Owing to the proximity of the holidays the attendance was not quite as large as usual, but the discussion in interest and heartiness, was second to none of the previous meetings. The subject "The Sunday Service—minus the Sunday Sermon" was introduced by Rev. George Batchelor and a large number of the gentlemen present took earnest part in the discussion, which turned upon the importance of the devotional and musical part of the service. The laymen were unanimous in their testimony of the worth and indispensable value of these services, leaving to the clergy present the burden of criticism, and the discussion of innovations and possible improvements.

The programme for the Unity Club at Bloomington is the prettiest thing typographically this growing club has issued, and it is as suggestive as it is pretty. This club has grown into regular working habits and the programme for the season arranges for eighteen sessions,—four social suppers at the church and fourteen Shakespeare studies. The plan is somewhat unique.—One evening a play is arranged and read by persons to whom the parts are previously assigned, the next evening this play is the subject for discussion. Hamlet, The Tempest, Merchant of Venice, Julius Caesar, King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra and Henry IV Part 1 are to be thus handled this season. The president of the club is Rev. J. R. Effinger, secretary Miss Nellie F. Cate.

We have been too busy and our columns too short for previous notice of the Mutual Improvement Club of Janesville, Wis., the programme of which has been upon our table some time. The main work of the work of the year is to be put upon the works of O. W. Holmes and J. G. Whittier. There is also provision made for twelve studies, in

the Industrial Section, of Aids to Commerce, where such topics as Lighthouses and Lighthouse builders, Bridges, The Compass, Tunnels, etc., are to be studied. The programme also contains the title of thirty-three volumes added to the club library, which now numbers one hundred and forty-four. It also contains the twenty-two courses of the studies previously pursued. The club is in its ninth year and is consequently the senior members of our circle. The programme is neatly printed and will make an interesting exchange. Miss R. E. Hatheral is secretary.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 26.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I should like to call the attention of brother ministers and others interested in good lectures to the course recently given in this city by Mr. Edwin D. Mead upon "America in the American Poets." The lectures were four in number, and were given on successive evenings in the Church of the Unity, under the auspices of the Unity Club. The poets were Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Emerson. These lectures seem to me to revive the best days of the old Lyceum, when men spoke to the people because they had something earnest and serious to say, and the lecture was so powerful an agent of popular education. They have been well attended and greatly enjoyed, and the collections taken each evening by the club have been nearly enough to pay all the expenses incurred by it,—a proof of the interest taken by audiences in the lectures. But these lectures are also finely adapted to parlor audiences, and the conversation that might follow would add to their interest, certainly with so scholarly and appreciative a critic as Mr. Mead to lead. He has just been invited to give them in New York City, but is available to clubs and societies in our Western cities for a while. He can be addressed for the present at Erie, Penn. and I write this word from a desire that others may have the pleasure which we have enjoyed in hearing Mr. Mead here.

F. L. HOSMER.

The Study Table.

All publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison street, Chicago.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS SERIES. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Boston, Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 306. Price, \$1.25.

MAGNHILD. By Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Translated from the Norse, by Rasmus F. Anderson. Boston, Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1883. Price, \$1.00.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE. By William Henry Bishop. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 420. Price, \$1.50.

RUTH ELIOT'S DREAM. By Mary Lakeman. Boston, Lee & Shepard; Chicago, Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1883. pp. 270. Price, \$1.25.

JANET, A POOR HEIRESS. By Sophie May. Boston, Lee & Shepard. 1883. Price, \$1.50.

KANT'S CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON. By George S. Morris, Ph. D. Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co. 1882. pp. xvi, 272. Price, \$1.25.

STORIES OF DISCOVERY. By Edward E. Hale. Boston, Roberts Brothers. 1883. pp. 290. Price, \$1.00.

POEMS. By Minot J. Savage. Boston, George H. Ellis. 1882. pp. 247. Price, \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Day Spring," the Unitarian Sunday-school paper published in Boston, has been steadily improving in size and appearance until now it is one of the handsomest and most sumptuous papers of the kind that comes to our table. The December number is particularly attractive. We wish we could say as much of the contents. It is good of the kind,

but, to our mind, it is a rather poor kind. Very innocent romancing for the entertainment of the children. Harmless little tales that may, or may not get themselves read, upon their arrival in the home. In either case they are promptly forgotten and dropped out of sight and out of mind as all such things are. This is no ungenerous criticism upon the literary work done on "*The Day Spring*." We think it far above the average work of the kind, but we feel called upon to protest against this kind upon all fitting occasions. We wish there was a little more stuff in this paper—*i. e.* what the Germans call *stoff*—substance, subject-matter. It will not do to forget that children are vertebrates and that they ought to be fed on bone-producing food. We are no Gradgrind, exaggerating the importance of denuded statistics. We want facts clothed in flesh and grace. A Sunday-school paper ought to have some *aim* to it, leading or impelling child and teacher toward *something*. All Sunday-school papers need to heed well the advice of our *nervy* poet: "Be not simply *good*, but be *good for something*."—The December *North American Review* contains a timely and suggestive study of the prohibition problem as it appears to an Iowa governor.—*The Critic* of December 2nd offers a real contribution to the International Copyright problem. In an article on "American Publishers and English Authors" it gives the correspondence with several of the publishing houses concerning the gratuities they are accustomed to pay English authors, from which it appears that the Harper, Lippincott, Appleton, Putnam's Sons and several other publishing houses are certainly not the thieving pirates they are often represented to be. The article is well worth the reading, as indeed is much of the matter that appears in *The Critic*, whose judgments are always characterized with soberness and soundness. It is constantly growing better.

POEMS, by Minot J. Savage, with portrait of author. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. pp. 247. \$1.50.

Any one who reads carefully this volume of poems in connection with Mr. Savage's more valuable volumes of prose, will discover, we think, that he is a poet in everything save in the ability to write good poetry. This book discloses Mr. Savage's strength and weakness. He is nothing unless he preaches, and these poems are mostly metrical sermons, with secondary regard for the metre. There is too wide a range between the best and the worst in the volume, showing the absence of critical selection. The book would be a greater book if it were smaller. Mr. Savage's literary fame is more in danger of suffering from what George Eliot calls "easy authorship," than anything else. The ink flows from his pen too readily, and the road from the study to the printing office is too short. We do not forget that he has forestalled these criticisms in his dedicatory and prefatory poems, which, by the way, represent the better class of poetry in the book.

In the former he says:

The lark soars in the morning sky
While wondering listeners wait
To hear his lessening music die,
Throbbing at heaven's gate.
Meanwhile, the robin at your door
Pours out his gladness, too;
He gives his best: who giveth more?
And thus I give to you.

In the latter he continues in the same strain and says:

It may be weeds I've gathered too;
But even a weed may be
As fragrant as the fairest flower
With some sweet memory.

But, if my flowers and grasses have
No beauty to your eye,
Think they may speak to other hearts
And gently pass them by.

And yet a man of Mr. Savage's ethical standards ought to feel that it is a solemn thing to make a book, for it tampers with precious time, and shapes the tastes and sentiments of the reader; consequently every book should be made as excellent as possible. We know that poetry is not dependent on rhyme, and that form is an accident, not an essential element of it. Still the poet cannot be indifferent to form, and unless his sentences shape themselves in grace, even though they be burdened with truth, they had better be offered in the humbler guise of prose. "For heaven knows no higher beauty than the doing one's plain duty, for the love of man alone," is a wholesome truth, clearly stated, but we see nothing gained by cutting it up into lines, as we find it in this book of poems; while the following from the same poem deserves the poetic form:

And "The Greatest" thou art serving
When thou seekest, all unswerving.
Each man's welfare as thine own.
* * * * *
Learning that the lordliest doing
Is in day by day pursuing
One's next duty evermore.

Pegasus, at his best, canters, and one rides through the verses with a restful swing—without jolt or shock; but he may render good service with a square, high-stepping trot—rough to ride, but, on the whole, invigorating, as in the reform-the-world, make-men-better poetry of Charles Mackay, and the more vigorous of our newspaper campaign poets; but when Pegasus is spavined, or has the spring-halt, and limps badly, as he does in some of these poems of Mr. Savage, let him be stabled and carefully groomed. These hundred and fifty, or more, poems are divided into eight groups, viz.: Nature, Life, Love, Problems, Persons, Pot-pourri, Times, Sorrow and Hope. In Nature Mr. Savage understands the sea best. The poem on "The Sea's Secret" is one of the most finished and satisfactory in the volume. There is a tender kindness of heart touched with the sublimity of the world running through it, that reminds us of the best in Adelaide Proctor. The following is good for the cat-bird, however it may be for Carlyle:

With thy pert head cocked one side,
Oddly jerking thy long tail,
How I've heard thee jeer and rail,
Scolding on through all the weathers,
Like a Carlyle dressed in feathers.

The poem "The Storm" is forceful. This from his poem "To Evening" is a happy success in the dangerous attempt to interpret nature's sublimities by human artificialities.

How sweet the lengthening shadows on the floor,
As soft the old nurse, Night, shuts to the door,
Draws down the star-pinned curtains of the west,
Hushes the birds and all the flowers to rest,
Puts out the lights, and brings us peace once more.

In his "Life Poems" there is much that will contribute to "Sunshine in the Soul," as the following from "Hidden Springs":

O tear-fed, hidden springs that well
Up from the heart's great deep,
The world its debt can never tell
To those that work and weep—

That work out in the open day,
That weep when none are nigh,
And only by sweet deeds betray
The heart's sad mystery.

Or this from "Loneliness of Truth-Seeking."

Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

All poets will write of love. So has this one. There are eighteen love poems in the volume, but like most such they are not good for much, save to the parties for whom they were intended. With the exception of the pretty one entitled "Dis-enchanted," they might better be preserved in the packet which is tied with pink ribbon, pervaded with an odor of rose-leaves, where the rest of the love letters are. In the department entitled "Problems" is Mr. Savage most at home, and here is he most successful in establishing his claim as a poet. "Where is God?" stands, we should judge, a better chance for a long life than any poem in the book. We like, also, and think most of our readers will, the "Forbidden Song," "Dead Gods," and "If a Ship, a Sea." We can make room for but the first mentioned poem in this department.

WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through,
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be!"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I looked o'er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

We are disappointed in not finding in this department the "Four Sonnets," published as his introduction to his "Beliefs about Man." Those on the "New Gospel" seem to us to be as good as anything he has done.

In his poems to "Persons," the one "To Garfield" is noble, and finely wrought, and deserves a permanent place in the Garfield literature. The "Pot-pourri" contains his best wit and poorest poetry. These poems will do to fill the corners of the newspapers, but most of them are unworthy a place in so well-made a book as this. The following is a happy condensation of a timely sermon:

"MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER."

From slums, where foul diseases hide,
The free winds travel far and wide.

The rich man living on the square,
Throws wide his windows for the air.

His petted child, with every breath,
Drinks in the viewless seeds of death.

The rich man bowed down by his woe,
Wonders why God should send the blow.

The parson wonders, too, and prays,
And talks of "God's mysterious ways."

But know, O man of high estate,
You're bound up with the poor man's fate.
The winds that enter at your door
Have crept across his attic floor.

If you would have "all well" with you,
Then you must seek his welfare too.

If even selfishness were wise,
It would no other life despise.

His poems of "Sorrow and Hope" will constitute the department that will endear the book to the largest number

of its readers, for they deal with such topics as are related to the most universal experience, and the canons of art give way to the religious trust, and spiritual insight. The sustaining power of the rational faith that Mr. Savage preaches glows through all these pages. Of this kind of poetry there is never too much.

In conclusion let us say, while this book will not increase the circle of Mr. Savage's readers, it will undoubtedly be a welcome supplement to his previously published works among his present admirers. We hope that, in this notice we shall provoke the examination of the volume itself.

1. **ORATION.** Delivered before the Council and Citizens of Boston, July 4, 1882. By His Excellency John Davis Long. Printed by order of the City Council. Pph. pp. 43.

2. **HENRY WARD BEECHER'S STATEMENT** before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Pph. pp. 28. Price 10 cents.

3. **THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE** and the Best Methods for its Advancement. By W. G. Eliot, D. D. Chancellor Washington University. Buxton & Skinner Stationery Co., St. Louis, Mo. Pph. pp. 14.

4. **RESCUE WORK** in relation to Prostitution and Disease. Read before the Association for the Advancement of Women at its Annual Congress held at Buffalo, N. Y., October, 1881. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D. Fowler & Wells, New York. Pph. pp. 7.

5. **GOING AND REMAINING.** A discourse preached to the Unitarian Society of Germantown, June 25, 1882. By Samuel Longfellow. Spangler & Davis, Philadelphia. Pph. pp. 16.

6. **CHICAGO ATHENÆUM.** Tenth and eleventh Annual Reports. 1881-1882. Culver, Page, Hoyne & Co., Chicago. Pph. pp. 32.

7. **SLAVERY AND PROTECTION.** Free Trade Tract. By E. J. Donnell, publisher, New York. Pph. pp. 69. 5 cents.

8. **WHAT DO UNITARIANS BELIEVE?** A Statement of Faith. By Charles W. Wendte. Second Edition. Printed by the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Cincinnati. Pph. pp. 31. 5 cents.

9. **UNITARIANISM;** Its History and Principles. By John C. Learned. Second Edition. Nixon Jones Printing Co., St. Louis. Pph. pp. 19. \$6.00 per hundred.

10. **WHAT IS ORTHODOXY?** A sermon by M. J. Savage. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. Pph. pp. 18. 6 cents.

11. **NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL.** A sermon by John W. Chadwick, pastor the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, James Miller, New York. Pph. pp. 21. 6 cents.

12. **Y FANER UCHEL.** Pregeth gan y Parch. Jenkin Lloyd Jones ysgryfennyd y Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago, U. S. A. Cyhoeddid gan Jenkin Howell, 16 Commercial Place, Aberdare, South Wales, G. B. 3 pence.

13. **Y GWYLIEDYDD, BETH AM Y NOS?** Pregeth gan y Parch. R. J. Jones, M. A. Cyhoeddid gan Jenkin Howell, 16 Commercial Place Aberdare, South Wales, G. B. 3 pence.

The first reflection that comes to us in handling this handful o' pamphlets is the thought, that the pamphlet is a greatly underestimated instrument of modern culture. The book-binder and the printer tyrannize over the modern reader, and he cowardly avoids anything that is not decorously bound, and elegantly printed, after he has escaped from the debilitating slush of the newspaper. Notwithstanding all this, it is a fact that most of the best current thought and science are given to the world in pamphlet form. The best conclusions of the clearest heads not infrequently find their Egyptian embalming between the limp covers of the "Reports" of the various scientific, social, educational and religious associations of the land. The brightest thing that most of the intellectual workers of the day strike off, gets no further than the pamphlet that contains the sermon or lecture that is "published by request." He has not discovered how to create a good working library, who has not learned how to conserve and use the best pamphlet literature.

No. 1, in the above budget, is, like all of Gov. Long's productions, worth reading. It is a thoughtful study of the American problem. He recognizes the dangers of our state, but believes that they will be overcome. He emphasizes, above all else, "the duty of the enlightened classes to throw all their energies into the popular arena." He has

little sympathy with the man of culture who "stands aloof and rails at the clumsy work of a government by the people," while these people are very ready to welcome him with his ideas. We like this axiom—"The educated and virtuous in a free state can control it, if they will." This pamphlet is worth sending for, reading and keeping.—The contents of No. 2 have already found wide circulation in the columns of the newspapers. Those who think Mr. Beecher's words of sufficient value to preserve, or to circulate, will find this edition, perhaps, the most convenient.—No. 3 is a fresh handling of a trite subject, none the less important, because trite. Dr. Eliot's opinion on any social or ethical problem will always carry great weight, and his opinion upon this question in the city of St. Louis, where he estimates there are at least 2000 drinking places in daily operation, must have great moral value. We like the logic that quotes approvingly Premier Gladstone's words: "The law should make it easy to do right, and hard to do wrong."—No. 4 is an altogether too brief and fragmentary study of one of the most serious and pressing questions in social science. The adding of women to the police organizations of our city, and the multiplication of conscientious women physicians, both of which this pamphlet urges, will doubtless do much to the amelioration, but little toward the suppression of the evil in question. Not until both sexes are held equally responsible, not only by the law of the land, but by the sterner and more severely administered law of public sentiment, can this question be put in to a condition where it will be amenable to the humanizing and purifying influences of the higher civilization.—No. 5 is the tender and helpful word that Rev. Samuel Longfellow said to his people, on retiring from his pulpit at Germantown, Pa., last summer. In it he touches many of the deeper and more permanent springs of the Unitarian faith, showing in what large and noble way he not only holds, but deserves the Unitarian name.—No. 6 is Mr. Galvin's first formal report as superintendent of the Athenaeum, in which in addition to a clear exhibit of the work done in this institution will be found a brief sketch of its rise and growth; also some interesting notes, concerning the manual training schools of the East visited by Mr. Galvin during the summer, with a view of profiting by their experience in the attempt to establish a similar institution in this city.—No. 7 is a highly inflammatory address to working people in favor of Free Trade. The book abounds in capitalized and italicized sentences. It is a good illustration of how a true cause may suffer at the hands of its intemperate and unfair friends. Swelenborg said "I saw a truth let down into hell, and forthwith it became a lie."—Nos. 8, 9, 10 and 11, taken together, will give a very satisfactory exposition of the antecedents, attitude and expectations of Unitarianism at the present time. Mr. Wendte's discourse has become widely known among us, as a tract. The Woman's Auxiliary Conference of Cincinnati has distributed large numbers, and this second edition has been issued by them, and contains, in an appendix, some account of the organization of the Unitarian church and the fellowship it represents, both among the dead and the living. It is probably the best statement to be found in one pamphlet of the present doctrinal make-up of Unitarianism; but the statement that not only states, but convinces—a moving statement, is still the thing most wanted. Mr. Learned's lectures first

given in a denominational course in the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, is an admirable historical sketch, and is the best of its kind that we know of. Mr. Savage, in his easy and attractive way, shows what a movable and ever-evading thing is that known as orthodoxy, constantly changing, the heterodoxy of one generation becoming always the orthodoxy of the next. In short, "it is the opinion of the majority;" and is he not right in the statement, that "the questions in art, music, government, as well as in right and truth are never settled by majority votes?" The only orthodoxy that lasts is that which consists of the "ascertained, the verifiable truth of the world." Mr. Chadwick with his fine poetic instinct removes the old theological chasm, between nature and the supernatural, and shows how the former ever blooms into super-sensual realities, and that in and through all the forms and forces of nature glows the ineffable spirit.

"And faith and wonder and the primal earth
Are born into the world with every child."

12 and 13 are Welsh discourses published at the office of the *Ymofyniad*, the organ of Welsh Unitarianism, and extensively circulate among those who enjoy an acquaintance with the mellifluous language of the ancient Briton. Copies of the same may be ordered through the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison Street, Chicago.

HOME-LIFE IN THE BIBLE. By Henrietta Lee Palmer. Edited by John Williams Palmer. 220 Illustrations. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. Boston. pp. 350.

Of the critical value of this work we allow others more competent than ourselves to speak. Probably it stands not very high in this direction. Indeed, it is not a part of the plan, as we understand it, to offer in this book any results of modern scholarship, or critical inquiry. But it is rather an easy and natural arrangement and adaptation of such parts of the Bible as reflect the home-life, the domestic customs and the industrial side of the Hebrew people. Its sixteen chapters discuss such topics as the following:—Habitations and Homes; Furniture and Utensils; Marriage, Widowhood and Divorce; Children, Their Training and Schooling; Dress, Music, Burial, etc. The letter-text is large, and attractive to extreme age and extreme youth, and consequently will tempt extensive reading. The text is by far the least valuable part of this book, assuming as it does the orthodox scheme as the true interpreter of the Bible; as for instance when she asserts with what seems like unsophisticated simplicity that "the first home in Eden was of such supernal beauty that any attempt to depict it would be presumptuous and futile." The illustrations have not only in them artistic merit, but great practical value. It is just the book to interest children in the Bible story. Let it lie around on the sitting-room table, and very soon the children will learn to handle it, and from the handling will come showers of questions—perplexing, startling, and hopeless; but still just the kind that will lead to appreciative reading and prepare them for systematic study. It is the book for the Sunday-school teacher to use, economically. Let her give the class a glimpse at the two or three pictures, which we judge have great archeological merit, that bear upon the lesson, then close the book and they are ready to listen, or what is better, talk.

We like this book sufficiently well to commend it to our readers as the best of the kind, and worth buying, but still

we wait for the time when a Gannet, a Chadwick, or an E. H. Hall will find a publisher who will do for them what the Osgood house has done for Mrs. Palmer.—give ample room, fine type, and above all adequate illustration to Bible studies that combine the critical and humanitarian method with the poetical and religious instinct.

EMERSON AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Moneure Daniel Conway. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: 1882. pp. 333. \$1.50.

This volume is in no ordinary sense a biography. A tender reverence prevades its pages, which are dedicated to the widow and children of the poet and philosopher, and they are eloquent with the story of Emerson's grand and noble life. From the opening, "A Vigil," in which the author tells us how, groping blindly in the darkness, he felt the warm clasp of an outstretched hand, and heard the words "Yours in all good hope," which became for him a song in the night, to the closing "Lethe," we read with ever increasing interest. The very titles of the thirty chapters, some of them quaint and mystic, have a fascination for us. "Three Fates," "Sursum Corda," "A Six Years' Day-dream," and "The Diadem of Days," give us first a strange wonder and then a rare delight. We are brought face to face with those three gifted women the "Parcae," who presided over the destinies of Emerson's boyhood and smiled benignly on his maturer years, one of whom is described as the lady on whom Audubon once called "to consult on the lichens of her neighborhood, and found her hearing at once the lesson of a Harvard student in differential calculus, correcting the translation of another from Sophocles, at the same time shelling peas, and rocking her grandchild's cradle with her foot."

We read, too, how Emerson learned life's highest lessons from the hidden shrine of Nature, and how he "sometimes sat at the feet of children," "even quoting the opinions of his own in grave companies"—how he listened to the simple-minded laborer, "whose hints have blossomed on his pages."

Not a few of Emerson's chosen friends, both "at home and abroad," are here introduced to us and we are ennobled by their companionship. We rise from reading this book, feeling that for a time, at least, our souls have been freed from the dominion of the trifles which too often vex and fetter us.

K. F. K.

POSIES FOR CHILDREN. A book of verse, selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. Roberts Bros.: Boston, 1882. pp. 192. \$1.50.

This is a very sensibly constructed collection, both as to matter and form. The form is not so sumptuous as to leave the impression upon Young America's mind that "nothing is too good for the baby,"—a very false and pernicious idea, nor yet is it "so elegant" that mamma's nerves will be put constantly on the strain, lest the book should be handled with dirty fingers! This is a plain, unassuming common book, not too good to do duty any time, day or night, and when the cover is partly off, the leaves dog-eared and defaced, it still is not disgraced and may continue to be a favorite. The matter we would characterize as thoroughly healthy, ranging from the musical nonsense of *Lilliput Levee*, up to *William Blake* and *Bjornstjerne Bjornson*. The illustrations of this book are not of a kind to boast of, but we doubt if they need be in children's books. They tell their story in a way that child eyes will understand and appreciate. Give

them your Rembrandt and Turneresque effects later on, and it will do just as well.

PAUL AND PERSIS, OR THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY. Mary E. Brush. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price \$1.25.

LIVE OAK BOYS. Elijah Kellogg. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 1883. Price, \$1.25.

THE JOLLY ROVER. J. T. Trowbridge. Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1883. Price, \$1.25.

"The Jolly Rover" is a story wherein the author causes one boy to realize, by bitter experience, that flashy stories and comrades of the jolly and boastful stamp are not the sort to make one's companions, nor such as can be trusted in time of trouble. If it serves to help the boys who read it not to make such associations it will have done good service.

"Live Oak Boys" is full of adventures and travel in foreign countries.

"Paul and Persis" tells of the earlier struggles between the Indians and the white settlers. It is pleasantly related and holds the interest of the reader closely toward the last, by its exciting incidents.

E. T. L.

The Exchange Table.

"DE PO' LOS' SHEEP."

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Wha'r de long night rain begin
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep is dey all come in?

O den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Wha'r de long night rain begin
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in.

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf'
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in

—Sally Pratt McLean.

WRITTEN AFTER ONE OF X—'S SERMONS.

It's a good rule and true, though you'd doubt its validity,
That some sense ever goes with the vainest stupidity;
Yet I'm sure, very sure, the most shallow cupidity
Would from X—'s proportions shrink back with timidity.
All his features are pinched with the wryest acidity,
All his sermons are parched to the driest aridity,
And he thinks they are heard with the "steepest" avidity,
Though they bury his hearers in deepest torpidity.

Yours, Quiddity.

—Country Gentleman.

THE RATIONAL EDUCATION. How it is done in Brussels: "A boy who cannot be made to take the slightest interest in study, even by the offer of a pony from his uncle, is among the spectators, as a company of school boys from Brussels, aged from seven to thirteen, appear with their flag and their professor at the railroad station near his village. Scarcely

have they fairly arrived, when maps and compasses are produced by the pupils, and the teacher asks them, 'In what direction is the village?' 'How far?' 'Which of these roads leads to it?' They answer correctly: then, he bids them 'March in the gymnasium step.' And away they go, singing a song which they learned from some Zulu Kaffres, whose exhibition they have just attended. On the way they stop to pick flowers; and the village boy is astonished to hear them tell not only the names of the plants, but the character of the soil, and still more to find, as they halt before his uncle's brewery, that they can explain the process, of which he has never heard. Their principal object is to visit a paper mill, and there nothing is told them, except in answer to their questions; but they are made to search out and comprehend everything, being submitted to a constant examination by their teacher and encouraged to take constant notes. At their luncheon they tell what factories and exhibitions they have already visited in and around Brussels, and what they have learned. The boy who has shown no taste for study becomes eager to be sent to such a school. He has his wish, and returns two years later, loaded with prizes. His mother cries, 'Now, you shall have your pony!' 'The pony for me,' he answers, 'is to have an aquarium built at the bottom of the garden.'—*From the Revue de Belgique in Index.*

"Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see."

It is an evil to make a fetish of the past, of ancient men or ancient times. It is an equal evil to ignore it, especially to ignore those noble lives which have been lived, and those great characters which have been builded under circumstances similar to those which now exist. Only a shallow and flippant age will be irreverent toward the past; only a heartless and indifferent one will be cold toward its own great ones, especially when they put on the asphodel wreath of immortality. Their lives lead and inspire us; they open before us grander possibilities; they give us a larger faith in ourselves. Through this faith we live our lives a little more sublimely, and help humanity forward to larger issues.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

And the influence of these noble deeds does not cease in the doing. They shine down the ages. The grand life does not die out. Though it perish from the sight of men, its memorial is immortal. It survives in death, and inspires a thousand lives. It joins "the choir invisible of those immortal dead whose music is the gladness of the world." It is impossible to imagine the dying out of the influence of a grand character. It is a permanent force in humanity, and "controls with a growing sway the growing life of man."—*From a Sermon by Rev. T. B. Forbush.*

"I am persuaded that children should not be restrained much in conversation except in company, when they ought never to be troublesome. They should be encouraged to talk freely, and not always blamed when they talk improperly; for what a parent needs is to see the whole mind and heart of a child, without one disguise. The old system of reserve had the bad influence of shutting up children in themselves. Entire confidence cannot grow up without much tenderness in the parents to the follies and immature thoughts and improper feelings of children in conversation."—*Channing.*

Announcements.

Unity Calendar.

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

Arranged for the vicinity of Chicago.

We shall be glad to notice in this column such various activities among the Unitarian churches of this city, as may be reported to us from time to time.

THE CHANNING CLUB.

January meeting Thursday the 25th. Union League Rooms, 6:30 p. m.

THE WOMENS' UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

Thursday the 25th, at 12 m. at the Third Unitarian Church, corner Laflin and Monroe streets. Subject: The Liberal Press.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Directors' meeting, 10 a.m., January 2d.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING.

At the Channing Club Rooms, 40 Madison street.

January 2d, 12 m.—1 p.m. Subject: The Legends of Creation; or The History of Origin. George Batchelor, Leader.

January 8th, 12 m.—1 p.m. Subject: The Flood and Babel; or The Origin of Languages. W. R. Cowl, Leader.

January 15th, 12 m.—1 p.m. Subject: Hebrew Origin; or Nomadic Life and the Patriarchs. J. Ll. Jones, Leader.

January 22d, 12 m.—1 p.m. Subject: The Land of Egypt; or The Nile and the Monuments. David N. Utter, Leader.

January 29th, 12 m.—1 p.m. Subject: Adventures in the Wilderness; or The Gathering of the Tribes. George Batchelor, Leader.

UNITY CHURCH.

Corner of Walton Place and Deaborn Avenue. George Batchelor, Minister, 695 North Clark street.

Weekly meeting of the Young Men's Club on Monday evenings at 7:30 p.m.

Weekly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society at the church on Tuesdays, 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

FOURTH UNITARIAN CHURCH.

3514 Vincennes Avenue. J. Ll. Jones, Minister, 179 Thirty-Seventh street.

Ladies Society, Wednesdays, January 3, 17, 31, 1 to 4 p.m.

Sunday School Teachers' meeting in Pastor's study, Fridays 7:30 p.m.

Unity Club, Pastor's study, Wednesdays, January 10, 24, 7:30 p.m.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

A series of Sunday-school teachers' meetings is to be held at the Channing Club Rooms, on successive Mondays, from 12 M., to 1 P. M., under the auspices of the W. U. S. S. Society. The several pastors, superintendents and teachers of the four Unitarian churches of Chicago, as well as any others interested in the discussion of the following Bible topics, are cordially invited. It is hoped that the attendance will be full and prompt, as the course of lessons is to be adopted by the four schools above mentioned, beginning with the first Monday in January. A brief but suggestive abstract of each study will be published in the columns of *Little Unity*, and it is hoped that at least each teacher will be provided with that help. The following is a list of the first twelve topics selected:

THE CHILDHOOD OF ISRAEL; OR EARLY BIBLE LESSONS.

1. "The Legends of Creation;—or the Poem of Origins."
2. "The Flood and Babel;—or the Origin of Language."
3. "Hebrew Origins;—or Nomadic Life and the Patriarchs."
4. "The Law of Egypt;—or the Nile and the Monuments."
5. "The Egyptian Episode;—or Common Life under an Egyptian King."
6. "Adventures in the Wilderness;—or the Gathering of the Tribes."
7. "Moses;—or the Code of the Priests."
8. "Canaan;—or the Nomad and the Farmer."
9. "The Conquest;—or Joshua and the Heroes."
10. "Samson and the Judges;—or the Romans of History."
11. "Samuel and the Early Prophets;—or the Beginning of National Worship."
12. Review.

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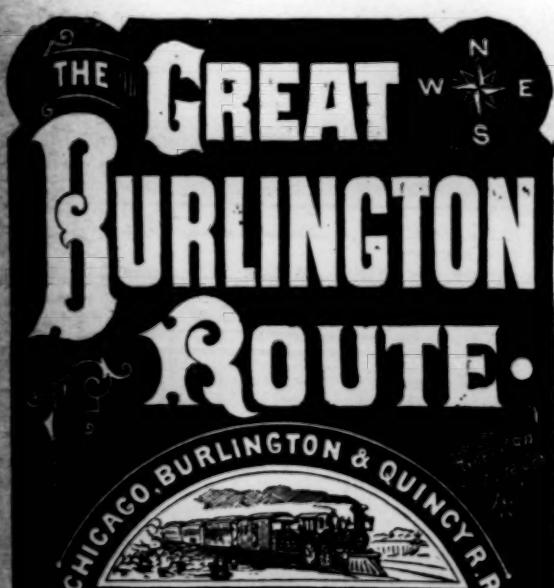
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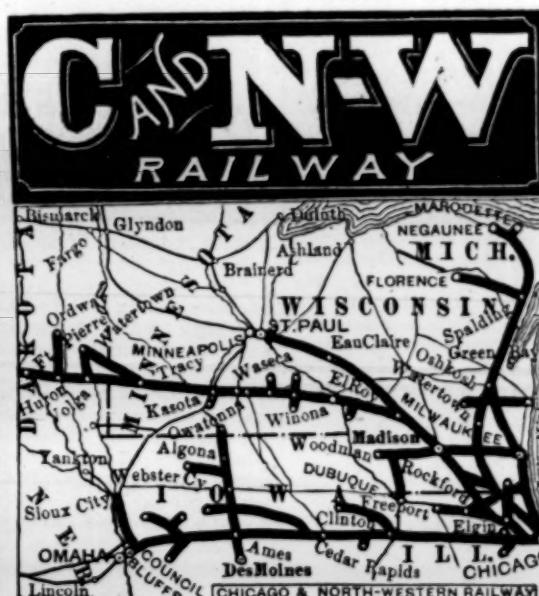
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